

# THE SWEETWATER ENTERPRISE.

VOL. III.

SWEETWATER, TENN., THURSDAY, JANUARY 13, 1870.

NO. 9.

THE ENTERPRISE.  
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,  
BY  
C. B. WOODWARD.  
At two Dollars a Year.  
Payable in Advance.  
RATES OF ADVERTISING.

NO VARIATION FROM THESE PRICES.  
1 square, 10 lines, or less, one insertion, \$1.00  
For each subsequent insertion, 50 cts.  
1 square, permanent, 10.00  
2 squares per annum, 16.00  
1 column 3 months, 9.00  
1 column 6 months, 14.00  
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Marriage Notices, 1.00  
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No attention paid to orders for the paper unless accompanied by the cash.  
Persons sending advertisements should mark the number of times they desire them inserted, or they will be continued until forbid and charged accordingly.  
Transient advertisements must be paid for at the time of insertion.  
Communications, to secure insertion, must be accompanied by the name of the author.  
Necessity compels us to adhere strictly to the Glass Service, and payment will be required in advance, or on delivery, for all Job Work or advertising.

**ATKIN HOUSE,**  
KNOXVILLE, TENN.  
**P. H. TOOMEY, PROP.**  
SITUATED WITHIN A FEW STEPS OF THE DEPOT.  
A new and elegant First Class Hotel, well furnished, and having every comfort and convenience.  
SUFFICIENT TIME FOR  
Passengers on the Trains East & West to get Dinner.  
Oct 17-18

**Planters' Hotel,**  
TWENTY STEPS FROM THE RAILROAD,  
CLEVELAND, TENN.  
A FIRST CLASS HOUSE.  
Tables furnished with the best of Markets afford.  
K. K. MARSH, Prop.

**THOMAS G. BOYD,**  
GENERAL CLAIM AGENT,  
Sweetwater, Tennessee  
PROSECUTES all Claims against the U. States Government, on most reasonable terms. Liberal advances made to Claimants, especially the Widows and Orphans of deceased Soldiers, when the business is entrusted to his care.  
pov2 '67

**NICHOLS & PARSLEY**  
ARE SELLING  
Groceries and Provisions,  
QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE,  
STATIONERY AND CONFECTIONERIES.  
Dysentia, Factory Thread,  
Heavy Domestic, Salt and Nails.  
We design keeping a first-class Grocery and Provision Store, and will pay cash or goods for whatever we buy in the Produce line. You will find us at the Post Office, "East Broad street, Sweetwater, Tenn. NICHOLS & PARSLEY.  
apr. 29-18

**H. C. SAWTELL,** Late with G. L. Anderson & Co.  
**J. A. PERKINSON,** Late with Boyd, Vaughn & Co.  
**SAWTELL & PERKINSON,**  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
GROCERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
Opposite Dodd's Corner,  
Whitehall Street, ATLANTA, GA

**JOHN W. HOPE.** F. MILLER.  
**HOPE & MILLER,**  
(Successors to Smith & Lyons.)  
Watchmakers and Jewelers  
DEALERS IN  
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silver Plated Ware,  
Manufacturers of Sterling Silver Spoons.  
GAY STREET, next door to lat National Bank.  
Knoxville, Tennessee.  
All work done by Experienced Workmen and Warranted.  
June 24-18

**R. M. Bearden,**  
WHOLESALE

**LIQUOR DEALER,**  
AND  
Commission Merchant,  
GAY STREET

**KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE.**  
Country Produce Bought and Sold on Commission.  
Oct 21-18

**LAMAR HOUSE,**  
Knoxville, Tennessee.  
**J. C. FLANDERS, Lessee.**  
THIS House has been repaired and papered. The Beds are Good. Business men will consult their own interests by bearing in mind that this house is located  
IN THE BUSINESS CENTRAL,  
which gives them advantages that no other house affords. Omit this at the Depot.  
Terms for Tennessee guests as liberal as any other house.  
Oct 14-18

**H. L. FRY,**  
KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND  
ALL KINDS OF  
**Family Groceries,**  
**CONFECTIONERIES, &c**  
ALSO,  
**Seth Thomas' Clocks.**  
HE IS ALSO prepared to repair Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, on the most reasonable terms. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.  
March 11, 1869-17

**ALVIN McCORKLE. JUDGE GEO. BROWN.**  
**EAST TENNESSEE**  
**AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT**  
AND  
**Mill Furnishing Depot.**  
**McCORKLE & BROWN,**  
Manufacturers' Agents and Dealers in

**AGRICULTURAL**  
—AND—  
**LABOR-SAVING IMPLEMENT**  
**FERTILIZERS, &c.,**  
INCLUDING  
**Mowers, Reapers,**  
**Threshers, Separators,**  
**Horse-Powers,**  
**STEEL TOOTH WHEEL HORSE RAKE,**  
**Cider and Wine Mills.**  
**GRAIN DRILLS, STRAW CUTTERS,**  
**Corn Shellers, Wheat Fans**  
**SMUT AND COCKLE MACHINES.**  
**Improved Steel and Cast Plows.**  
**CASTINGS.**  
**DOUBLE SHOVELS, SULKY PLOWS.**  
**WASHING MACHINES.**  
**ZERO REFRIGERATORS,**  
ALSO,  
**Garden and Farming Hardware.**

We are Agents for the State for  
**WHANN'S CELEBRATED**  
**Raw Bone Super Phosphate.**  
The Great Fertilizer for all Crops.  
(STANDARD GUARANTEED.)  
Total of which we invite the Farmers of East Tennessee to come and Examine at our  
**Sample Warehouse,**  
**GAY STREET,**  
**Knoxville, Tennessee.**  
Near East Tennessee and Virginia, and East Tennessee and Georgia Railroads.  
We respectfully solicit orders for all articles in our line which we will endeavor to fill to the satisfaction of those patronizing us.  
Letters of inquiry promptly answered.  
April 17.

**Barrett & Caswell,**  
GENERAL  
**Commission Merchants,**  
248 BROAD STREET, AUGUSTA, GA.  
Special attention given to the Sale of Produce, Bonds, Stocks, &c.  
**Merchandise & Cotton Purchased.**  
Thos. G. Barrett, Late of Barrett, Carter & Co.  
Thos. D. Caswell, Late Baker & Caswell.  
June 5-18.  
**NATIONAL HOTEL,**  
RAILROAD AVENUE, BETWEEN 8th & 9th STREETS,  
Twenty Rods from the Depot,  
**Chattanooga, Tennessee.**  
**A. L. MILLER, Prop.**

**AGENTS WANTED,**  
Local and Travelling,  
For the American Meat and Vegetable Chopper.  
The best thing, without exception, in the market; saves 20 per cent. in time and labor; cuts 10 to 12 lbs. of meat, sufficiently fine for pies, in four minutes. Agents are coinining money. Cut of machine, Terms, &c., free. Address D. A. Newton & Co., No 28 Cortland Street N. Y.

**TOWLES PATENT.**  
Grade and Drainage Level, Price only \$15.  
Every Farmer needs one. Every School should have one. No Engineer, required to lay out roads, walks and watercourses. Will establish levels for foundation walls, bridges, made ground, &c. It is extremely simple and beautiful. Sent to any address on receipt of price. Descriptive Circulars, with cut, free. Hamilton K. Towle, Civil Engineer, and Special Engineer Patent Solicitor, 176 Broadway, New York.

**WANTED.**  
100 Confidential Agents to dispose of a stock of goods. None but good and reliable men wanted who can keep their mouths shut. Small capital required. A fortune of \$25,000 guaranteed to a man of the right stripe. Particulars sent free. Sample of goods sent for 25 cents. Call on or address J. F. WATERS & CO., dec 2-3mos. 197 Broadway, N. Y.

**POETRY.**  
THE WORLD IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.  
BY W. H. SHEDDEN.

Oh! call not this a tale of tears,  
A world of gloom and sorrow;  
One half the grief that o'er us comes,  
From self we often borrow.  
The earth is beautiful and good,  
How long will man mistake it?  
The folly is with ourselves;  
"The world is what we make it."  
Did we but strive to make the best  
Of troubles that befall us,  
Instead of meeting cares half-way,  
They would not so appall us.  
Earth has a spell for loving hearts;  
Why should we seek to break it?  
Let's scatter flowers instead of thorns—  
"The world is what we make it."

If truth, and love, and gentle words,  
We took the pains to nourish,  
The seeds of discontent would die,  
And peace and concord flourish.  
Oh! has not each some kindly thought?  
Then let's at once awake it!  
Believing that for good or ill,  
"The world is what we make it."

**WHY DON'T THE GIRLS PROPOSE?**

"The men are shy," the ladies cry,  
"Their minds they'll not disclose!"  
If this be so, I'd like to know  
Why don't the girls propose?  
At splendid balls, in dazzling halls,  
Amidst a host of beaux,  
With sparkling eyes and well timed sighs,  
The ladies might propose.  
Ye maidens fair, now laughing there,  
So coyly with your beaux,  
Take my advice, don't be so nice,  
They'll wed if you propose.  
Then stern papas and cross mammas,  
All marriage schemes oppose,  
And banish as aly, there's no cause why  
The belles should not propose.  
Poor Martha Mears, for thirty years,  
To wedlock was opposed;  
But now she sighs, and whimpering cries,  
"I wish I had proposed."  
Then pity take for Hymen's sake,  
On these unhappy beaux,  
Who are, poor elves, too shy themselves  
A marriage to propose.

**Home Papers.**  
We find the following sensible article in regard to Home Papers, in an Exchange, to which we direct the special attention of the readers and patrons of the ENTERPRISE.

Did it ever occur to the minds of our people that their home papers are their representatives abroad? They are, whether they wish them so or not. They cannot help it. Strangers look to them as the unerring representatives of people among whom they are printed. If shabby and mean in appearance and thrift, an unfavorable opinion is formed at once; if the reverse, it goes to the locality. How important, then, to give them a liberal support. Let this be done, and the publisher is able to command every means to improve his paper and make it profitable to him, and an honor to the place at which it is printed. Let every man take this correct view of the matter, and have a paper which will be a fit representative of the wealth and prosperous section in which he lives. It is his representative from home, and it should be his pride to enable it to be one of which he would not be ashamed. And it is also considered that the hundred of thousands of dollars sent away for newspapers would all be kept at home, and kept in circulation among our people, the importance of sustaining home papers is still more important.

**How to Break Oneself of Bad Habits.**  
Understand clearly the reasons, and all the reasons, why the habit is injurious. Study the subject till there is no lingering doubt in your mind. Avoid the places, the persons, and the thoughts that lead to the temptation. Frequent the places, associate with the persons, indulge the thoughts that lead away from the temptation. Keep busy; idleness is the strength of bad habits. Do not give up the struggle when you have broken your resolution once, twice, ten times, a thousand times. That only shows how much need there is for you to strive. When you have broken your resolution think the matter over, and endeavor to understand why it was you failed, so that you may be on your guard against a recurrence of the same circumstances. Do not think it a little or an easy thing that you have undertaken. It is folly to expect to break off a bad habit in a day which may have been gathering strength in you for years.

A young German residing in this country, lately asked a young lady in Austria a very interesting question, and received the "happy yes" by the Atlantic cable. A Vienna paper, in chronicling the fact, says: "Perhaps the bride and bridegroom may exchange in the same way their first kisses, which would be electrifying indeed!"  
The editor of the Ohio State Journal speaking of Mrs. Howe's address at the recent Cleveland Convention, says it was "obscured by high-falootin' abstractions," and then adds: "The speaker seemed to ride philosophy with a side-saddle, and her reasoning hangs on by the horns." Who can guess that last part? We give it up.

**Where the Laugh Comes in.**

"Do make yourselves at home, ladies," said a female to her visitors one day. "I'm at home myself, and wish you all were."  
"Am I not a little pale?" inquired a lady, who was rather short and corpulent, of a crusty old bachelor. "You look more like a big tub," was the blunt rejoinder.  
A despairing swain, in a fit of desperation, recently declared to his unrelenting lady love, that it was his firm intention to drown himself, or perish in the attempt.  
An Irish clergyman, preaching a discourse in behalf of a blind asylum, began by gravely remarking, "If all the world were blind, what a melancholy sight it would be!"  
A travelling dentist left his creditors, in a fashionable English watering-place, the following cheering announcement on his door: "Dr. M—— is gone to London to attend the Royal family."

A widow of the name of Rugg having taken a Mr. Price for her second husband, and being asked by a friend how she liked the change, replied, "Oh, I have sold my old Rugg for a good Price."

An Italian, who was very poor, and very much addicted to play, used to apostrophize Fortune thus: "Treacherous goddess! thou canst make me lose, but thou canst not make me pay."

A gentleman in the country lately addressed a passionate billet-doux to a lady in the same town, adding this curious postscript, "Please to send a speedy answer, as I have somebody else in my eye."

"Our life is but a bubble," said Mrs. Simpkins, in a spirit of resignation to her spouse, who was rating her about her slovenly habits. "I wish your life was a soap-bubble, then," rejoined her husband.

"Biddy," said a lady to her servant, "I wish you would step over and see how old Mrs. Jones is this morning." In a few minutes Biddy returned with the information that Mrs. Jones was just seventy-two years, seven months and two days old.

D'Orsy, in remarking on a beauty speck on the cheek of a lady, compared it to a gem on a rose leaf. "The compliment is far fetched," observed her ladyship. "How can that be?" rejoined the count, "when it is made on the spot?"

An old lady said her husband was very fond of peaches, and that was his only fault. "Fault, madam?" said one, "how can you call that a fault?" "Why, because there are different ways of eating peaches; my husband takes them in the form of brandy."

A horse-dealer, who lately effected a sale, was offered a bottle of porter to confess the animal's failings. The bottle was drunk, and he then said the horse had but two faults. When turned loose in the field he was hard to catch, and he was of no use when he was caught.

A stranger joined without invitation a party dining at an hotel. After dinner he boasted so much of his abilities, that one of the party said, "You have told us enough of what you can do—tell us something you cannot do." "Well," said he, "I cannot pay my share of the reckoning."

A cleanly-shaved gentleman inquired of a fair demoiselle, the other day, "Whether or no she admired monstachios." "Oh," replied the charmer, with an arch look, "I invariably set my face against them." Very shortly afterwards, his upper lip betrayed symptoms of careful cultivation.

"I call upon you," said the counsellor, "to state distinctly upon what authority you are prepared to swear to the mare's age?" "The best authority," responded the ostler, gruffly. "Then state it at once; for I must and will have it!" "Well, then, I had it from the mare's own mouth."

A French gentleman, traveling in his cabriolet from Paris to Calais, was accosted by a man walking along the road, who begged the favor of him to put his great coat, which he found very heavy, into his carriage. "With all my heart," said the gentleman; "but if we should not be traveling to the same place, how will you get your coat?" "Monsieur," said the man, with great gravity, "I shall be in it."

Fourteen Buffalo girls have signed and sent this note to a modest young man: "We, the undersigned, have been comparing notes, and find that you have been equally sweet to one and all of us—have paid the same compliments to each, and made love in the same terms in every case. We are indignant at such duplicity and demand an explanation."

"Who's that gentleman, my little man?" was asked of an urchin.  
"That one with the spike-tailed coat?"  
"Yes," was the response.  
"Why, he's a brevet uncle of mine."  
"How's that?" was asked.  
"Because he's engaged to my aunt Mary."

A Georgia editor hearing of General Sherman as the "coming man," expresses the fervent hope that he is not coming that way.

"That, sir, is the spirit of the press," said Mrs. Jinks, as she handed Nipper a glass of cider.

**A STORY ABOUT LINCOLN.**

**How Mr. Stanton Prevented Him from Committing Suicide.**

The Philadelphia Post publishes some reminiscences of the late Mr. Stanton, among which is the following:

Mr. Lincoln was very sensitive of the criticisms of the newspaper press, believing it, as he asserted, the true voice of the people. The failures of McDowell and McClellan and Burnside and Pope with the Army of the Potomac, and the accompanying criticisms of the newspapers had almost crazed him. Time and again he would free himself from the White House, and seek Mr. Stanton's little office, the only place in Washington, he often remarked, where he was free from bores. He often talked to Mr. Stanton of resigning or pressing on Congress the propriety of giving control of the army and navy to military men. It was during this period that he conceived the idea of putting Hooker in command of the Army of the Potomac, and have him make an effort for success.

From the time that Hooker began to march until the smoke of battle had cleared from the fatal field of Chancellorsville, he scarcely knew what it was to sleep. It will be remembered the light lasted three days. During the first two days it looked as if Hooker was about to accomplish what so many had failed to do; but on the third day the usual half hour dispatches began to make matters look worse. That whole day Mr. Lincoln was miserable. He ate nothing, and would see no one but Mr. Stanton. As it grew dark the dispatches ceased coming altogether. The President walked from the White House to the War Department and anxiously inquired for Hooker. The night was dark and stormy—about as mean a night as was ever experienced in Washington. About 7 o'clock the President closed his visits to the War Department. An hour afterward a dispatch of an indefinite character was received and Mr. Stanton hurried with it to the White House. He found Mr. Lincoln walking the room, and as he entered, the agonizing appearance of the man so terrified him that it was with difficulty he could speak. Mr. Lincoln walk to him like a wild man, and seizing the dispatch from his hand, read it, and simply remarked, "Stanton, there's hope yet!" At Mr. Stanton's solicitation he accompanied him to the War Department, where they agreed to spend the time together until something definite was heard from Hooker. For four hours, the longest and most wearisome of his life, said Mr. Stanton, they waited before the dispatch announcing the retreat of Hooker was received. When Mr. Lincoln read it, he threw up his hands and exclaimed, "My God, Stanton, our cause is lost. We are ruined, we are ruined, and such a fearful loss of life. My God, this is more than I can endure." He stood trembling like a leaf, his face of a ghastly hue, the perspiration rolling down his brow. He put on his hat and coat, and began pacing the floor. For five minutes he was silent, and then turning to Stanton, he said, "If I am not about early to-morrow don't feel alarmed. Defeated again and so many killed. What will the people say?" As he made the remark he went to open the door to go out. His action alarmed Mr. Stanton, and he stopped him and entreated him to return, that they might talk and not like men. With difficulty they had him return, and Mr. Stanton began to try to cheer him. He finally got him to assent to retire to bed, and leave for the army together next morning—which they did.

Lincoln afterward told Mr. Stanton that when he spoke to him about not being alarmed if he was not about the next morning, he had fully made up his mind to go to the Potomac and drown himself. Mr. Stanton said that he thought at the time he contemplated suicide, and never felt so frightened during his life.

**A Wonderful Man.**  
A newspaper in Minnesota professes to have in its employ the most extraordinary man on record. It says:

We have now employed in this office a man who has been in the English army for over 35 years; was at the siege of Lucknow, and had both ears cut off while sticking his head out of a sally-port. He afterward served on the staff of Wellington, at Waterloo, and subsequently accompanied Bonaparte in his celebrated Egyptian campaign, where he was arrested for conspiring at an elopement with the Sphinx, and was confined in the pyramids for three weary years. He has been in 481 pitched battles, and a great many that were not pitched. Everybody has read of the butcher who was killing a beef for the Commissary when the Balaklava's charge was sounded, and who seized an axe, mounted a horse and went through the Russian battery and back safely. Well, this is the man we are writing about. He relates that thrilling episode in his checked history with much enthusiasm. He used to have a medal, but a grizzly bear snatched it off his shirt bosom while laying the last tie on the China and Siberian railway, Eastern division. He says he is now tired of travel and adventure, and proposes to settle down, and it's the general opinion that he will. He neither smokes, drinks, drinks whisky, nor swears, and can set type as well as he used to fight. He is a cuss in his way, and can't be beat for stumps.

**How a Crown Prince Lives.**  
The Crown Prince of Prussia resides in Berlin, and occupies the same apartment in which Frederick the Great once resided, when heir apparent to the throne. He lives in a manner at once simple and refined. Not luxuriously, sumptuously, or gaudy. His wife, one of the daughters of the Queen of England, presides over his establishment with dignity and grace. Their summer palace, at Potsdam, has a home-like air of comfort about it. The bed-chambers are neat and tidy, with chintz curtains, instead of heavy silks and damasks. The King's sleeping apartment is furnished with rigid simplicity, with a small cot and a few chairs. Thus while our rulers are reveling in luxury, and wasting the substance of the nation, the present and future heads of a great kingdom are husbanding great resources, and leading lives of sobriety and quiet. Considering that we set great store by our "republican simplicity," as compared with "aristocratic extravagance" of European nations, the contrast is painful.

**A Boy's Boots.**

The boot period is the dividing line between babyhood and boyhood. Before the boots, one is tramped upon by comrades, and stuck with pins, and we walk with an air of apology for the fact that we were born at all. Robust school-fellows strike us across the cheek, and when we turn to them, they cry, "Who are you looking at?" or what is worse than any possible insult, have somebody chuck us under the chin and call us "bub." Before the crisis of boots, the country boy carries no handkerchief. This keeps him in a state of constant humiliation. Whatever crisis may come in the boy's history—no handkerchief. This is the very unpopular period of his life. But at last the age of boots dawn upon a boy. Look out how you call him "bub." He parts his hair on the side, has the end of his white handkerchief sticking out of the top of his side pocket as if it were recently arranged so, has a dignified and manly mode of expectation, and walks down the road with long strides, as much as to say: "Clear the track for my boots!"

We have seen imposing men, but none have so thoroughly impressed us as the shoemaker, who, with waxy hand, delivered into our possession our first pedal adornments. As he put the awl through the leather, and then inserted the two bristles into the hole, and drew them through it, and then, bending over the lap-stone, grasped the threads with hard grip, and brought them up with a jerk that made the shop shake, we said to ourselves, "Here is gracefulness for you and power!"  
It was Sabbath day when we broke them in. Oh! the rapture of that moment when we lay hold of the straps at one end, and with our big brother pushing at the other, the boot went on! We fear that we got but little advantage that day from the services. All the pulpitation about worldliness and pride struck the toe of our boots, and fell back. We have trampled under our feet all good counsels. We have to repeat that, while some trust in horses and some in chariots, we put too much stress upon leather. Though our purchase was so tight in the instep that as soon as they got to the woods, we went limping on our way—what boots it! We felt that in such a cause it was noble to suffer.

For some reason, boots are not what they used to be. You pay a big price, and you might walk all day without hearing once from them; but the original pair of which I tell spoke out for themselves. No one doubted whether you had been to church after you had once walked up the aisle in company with such leather. It was the pure eloquence of calf-skin.

**What Makes a Bushel.**

ARTICLES.	POUNDS.
Dried Apples	26.
Bran	20.
Barley	48.
Beans	60.
Cow Peas	60.
White Beans	60.
Castor Beans	46.
Buckwheat	52.
Stones Coal	80.
Shelled Corn	56.
Corn in the year	70.
Corn Meal	50.
Plastering Hair	8.
Unslacked Lime	80.
Barley Malt	38.
Rye Malt	34.
Oats	33.
Onions	56.
Dried Peaches, unpeeled	36.
" " peeled	40.
Millet Seed	50.
Orchard Grass Seed	14.
Herd's Grass Seed	14.
Irish Potatoes	60.
Sweet Potatoes	50.
Peas	60.
Rye	56.
Blue Grass Seed	14.
Clover Seed	60.
Flax Seed	56.
Hemp Seed	44.
Timothy Seed	45.
Hungarian Seed	48.
Coarse Salt	50.
Fine Salt	55.
Turnips	55.
Wheat	60.
Cotton	33.